

Home by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, Trans Female Character, Trans Male Character, Trans Max Mayfield, Trans Mike Wheeler, i dont want to tag max as maxine but no one will see it if i dont :/

Language: English

Characters: Lucas Sinclair, MAX IS A TRANSBOY IN THIS. I'M TAGGING IT AS MAXINE SO PEOPLE SEE IT., Max Mayfield, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair/Max Mayfield, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

Max is a transboy, and Lucas is a supportive boyfriend.

For Sage.

Home

Max was shaking. *My hands would cause an earthquake if I touched the ground*, he thought. Lucas was coming over and it always worried him, but Max was especially nervous. Lucas was bringing over... *something*, and he didn't know what it was. He sat on his bed, legs crossed, his head tilted back and his eyes trained on the ceiling. He jumped when he heard a soft *crack!* against his window, and turned around to see Lucas.

"Heh – Hey, Stalker," he grinned, doing his best to keep his voice level. He helped Lucas in and Lucas only bashed his ankle *slightly* against Max's window, so they tallied it as a win.

"I have a gift for you and I want you to go to the bathroom to open it." *What the hell?* "It's nothing weird, just... you'll get it when you see it." Lucas thrust the box into Max's hands and grinned. "Go."

Max rolled his eyes and ignored the way his heart stopped beating as fast when their fingers brushed. He made his way to the bathroom, closed and locked the door, and opened the box. At first, he was confused. *He wanted me to change into a tank top?* But when he turned it around, he stopped breathing. The fabric was a little rougher on the inside of the front, and it was *tight*, and Max almost started to cry.

He scrambled to get his shirt and bra off and he struggled with the binder before managing to shove it on. He took a minute to stare at himself in the mirror. His hips and the pudge on his tummy were still there, but *They* weren't. He didn't recognise himself. He pulled his hair back behind his head to look shorter, turned to the side, and he looked... like a man. There was the tiniest of bulges, sure, but it was barely noticeable.

He let his hair fall and he was still flat. It wasn't a dream. He picked up his shirt and tucked his bra into it and bundled it up in his arms. He made his way back to his room with his eyes closed. It was when he dropped his shirt and Lucas looked up and whispered, "My boy," that he started to cry. Lucas rushed forward to pull him into his arms and pet down his hair. "Hey. *Hey*, no, shit, is it wrong? Is it too small? I – I tried to –"

“Shut the hell up,” Max mumbled. He wrapped his arms around Lucas and sighed shakily, pressing his forehead against his boyfriend’s. “I love you,” he said quietly.

Lucas smiled and kissed Max’s nose. “I love you, too, idiot. Don’t... don’t scare me like that.” He pressed a kiss to Max’s shoulder. “You look great, Mad Max.”

Mad Max. The nickname had stuck after two years, and it never bothered Max. It was Mike who’d told him about what being trans was; she asked him why he hated it so much when people called him Not Max. Max had replied by snapping, “It doesn’t matter,” and Mike sat him down and told him about her own experience.

She explained how El needed to wear a dress so she could take her around with the boys, so she had to pull one she’d been hiding out of the basement. She didn’t know what being trans was until Nancy asked where her old dress had gone (“She was gonna sell it, and she was *pissed*.”) and why it had been gone for so long. When Mike started to freak out, Nancy sat her down and talked about how Jo didn’t know she was a girl until later in life, and that’s when Mike figured it all out.

Max was confused, but it felt *right*, and Mike helped him come out to everyone. There were still random people who would misgender him or call him Not Max because of his chest and hair, but the people who mattered most supported him. Lucas especially, who would emphasise *he* and *Max* around Max’s parents. It was dangerous, and they both knew it, but it was right.

Lucas held Max in his bed, mumbling about some shitty science project him and Dustin were working on. Max wasn’t really listening. All he could think was, *I love you*. So he said it. Lucas said it back and they kissed, and Max pressed his face into the crook of Lucas’s neck. He was in his house, sure, but when Lucas was there, Max was *home*.

It didn’t matter where he was. As long as Lucas was right there next to him, he was always home.